

HANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 1.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, APRIL, 22, 1872.

NO. 16.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DR. O. A. BEMIS,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
15 Craftsbury, Vermont.

DR. PARKHURST,
HARRISBURG, will be at E. W. Langway's Hotel
in Coventry, Friday of each week, from 2 to 5 P.
M. Agent for Waterbury, S. T. Ross. Kept con-
stantly on hand.

W. B. CRITCHETT,
PAINTER & GLAZIER. Graining, White-washing
and Paper-hanging done in the best style and
satisfaction guaranteed. Orders solicited.
East Albany, Vt.

L. R. WOOD, JR.,
FANCY PAINTER. Particular attention paid to Pan-
cy sign writing, lettering, Banners, Motions, Resol-
utions and General Ornamenting. Drawing, Drafting,
Sketching and Designing. Orders solicited.
Barton, Vermont.

J. J. HILL,
SUCCESSOR TO P. C. CROWEY, will continue to
sell a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting Ma-
chines. Orders solicited. Barton, Vt.

CUTLER & GOSSE,
MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages and Sleighs.
Greensboro, Vt.

MISS A. J. CUTLER,
MILLINERY, DRESSMAKING and Pattern-making.
Barton, Vt.

E. G. STEVENS,
SURGEON DENTIST. Barton Landing, Vt.

M. J. SMITH,
PROPRIETOR OF the Orleans County Marble Works.
Foreign and American Marble, Gravestones.
Monuments, etc.

J. N. WEBSTER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT. Barton, Vermont.

J. N. WEBSTER,
PHOTOGRAPHER. Dealer in Stereoscopes, Views,
oval, square, and rustic frames of all kinds.

FRED. H. MORSE,
PAINTER. Painting, Graining, White-washing
and Paper-hanging. All work done in the
best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Saw filed
to order.

DALE & ROBINSON,
ATTORNEYS AND Counsellors at Law. Barton, Vt.
J. B. ROBINSON.

J. L. WOODMAN,
DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and Findings of the
best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash.
Store over A. & J. L. Tremblay's.

HIS. GEO. C. DAVIS,
PAINT AND VEST MAKER. Barton, Vermont.

A. & J. L. TROMBLY,
WHOLESALE AND Retail Dealers in Flour, Corn,
Pork and Lard, Paints and Oils, Hardware,
West India Goods, Groceries, Butter and Cheese, also
Wm. L. Bradley's L. X. L. Phosphate and Sea Wolf Guano.

AARON TROMBLY,
J. L. TROMBLY.

A. C. ROBINSON,
WHOLESALE Dealer in Flour, Grain, W. I. Goods,
Groceries, Lard, Plaster, Oil, Fish, Salt, Iron,
Steel, Nails, Glass, etc., Depot Store, Barton, Vt.

WM. W. GIBLOT,
ATTORNEY AND Counsellor at Law and Claim Agent.
Will attend courts in Orleans and Caledonia
counties. Barton, Vt.

W. W. EATON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery.
Will attend courts in Orleans and Caledonia
counties. Barton, Vt.

J. M. CURRIAN,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER. Barton, Vermont.

MARTIN ABBOTT,
WHEELWRIGHT, Carriage Maker and General
Job Worker. Open and Top Buggies, and va-
rious styles of carriages on hand. Glover, Vt.

J. E. DWYNELL,
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in Furniture of all
kinds and descriptions. Carpets, Room Paper,
Curtains and fixtures, also Coffins and Caskets, Picture
frames, Spring Beds, etc. Glover, Vt.

J. H. HOLTON, & CO.,
Manufacturers and Dealers, in all kinds of Harne-
sses, also Whips, Curbions, Carbs, Brushes,
etc. Vacuum Oil Blacking, for sale. Barton, Vt.

EVERYBODY SAYS,
and what everybody says must be true.

THAT YOU CAN GET THE BEST OYSTERS
—AT—
DAVIS'

of any place in the county; and in fact he keeps a
GENERAL ASSORTMENT

—OF—
The Best Groceries

as cheap as the cheapest. Also a nice stock of
CANDY, CAKE TRIMMINGS,
SUGAR SANDS, & C.

And if you will smoke or chew you can get the best ci-
gars and tobacco at the grocery.

—FRESH FISH—
in any quantity, from one pound to a ton.

GEO. C. DAVIS.

Quantity Seed Barley for sale by J.
W. HALL.

—FOR SALE—
Sixty-four acres of land, two miles west of Barton
village and three-fourths of a mile from West Glover;
twenty acres of nice wood land, with a sugar orchard
of five hundred trees—old second-growth—well water-
ed and fenced. Apply to O. V. PERCIVAL, West Glover,
Vt.

West Glover, Jan. 27, 1872.

ALEXANDER JAMISON'S ESTATE.
STATE OF VERMONT. In Orleans District, ss.

In Probate Court, held at Iraushburg, within and for
said district, on the 13th day of April A. D. 1872:

William L. Jamison, administrator of the estate of
Alexander Jamison, late of Iraushburg, in said dis-
trict, deceased, makes application to said court together
with the consent and approval of the widow and heirs
and guardian of minor heirs residing in said state, for
leave to sell all the real estate of said deceased situate
in said Iraushburg described as follows, to wit: "The
west half of lot No. 145 and all that part of lot No. 138
owned by said Jamison lying southerly of the creek
and westerly of the center of the road leading from Ira-
ushburg to West Albany, also 7 acres in the West
Methodist church, representing that a sale thereof
would be beneficial to all interested therein."

Whereupon, it is ordered by said court that said ap-
plication be referred to a session thereof to be held at
the Probate Office in Iraushburg, in said district, on the
30th day of May, A. D. 1872, for hearing and decision
thereon.

And it is further ordered that notice hereof be given
to all persons interested, by publication of the same
three weeks successively in the Orleans County Moni-
tor newspaper printed at Barton, in said district,
previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they
may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if
any they may have, why said license should not be
granted.

By the Court—Attest,
15-17
L. S. THOMPSON, Register.

HOUSE
FOR SALE.

For sale, a House and half acre of Land, slightly taxed.

—IN—
WEST ALBANY VILLAGE.

For particulars, inquire of G. H. COLLEMAN, on the
premises, or S. L. COLLEMAN, M. D., Lyndon.

Lyndon, April 9, 1872.

15-17

Liberation.

This is to certify that I have this day given my son,
Frank P. Hunt, his time during the remainder of his
term of servitude, I shall claim none of his earnings and pay no
debts of his contracting after this date.

D. R. HUNT,
Barton, Vt., April 25th, 1872.

HOW THE INJUN CAUGHT THE NEW-FASHIONED BUFFALO.

There ain't much fun in an Injun:
If there is it's deepish down,
And don't crust at no onemans times,
As it does in mule, or clown,
Or a fiddlin', or a Yankee,
Or any of 'em 'ere chaps
That always are gay at the gravest of times,
And never give heed to no mings.

No, Sir! them red-skinned pirates
Mean blood, and a good deal more;
And when you are least expecting the same
'Twer 'st outside o' yer door.
With a torch and a knot and an arrow,
And a whoop of demonee mirth—
And away they ride by the glaring light
(Of your firenly blazin' hearth)

I ain't much buy for an Injun;
And when there's a joke worth while
Played off on the sneaking varmint,
I can't keep back a smile—
Not more than I can a huly Schurz, ah!
When I see them growling about
With a treacherous look, like a hungry wolf
That's watchin' along the route.

'Twas down in the "Chester Gule"—
'Twas huntin' for "lay a wuk";
And all the time I ever had
That was a-sore the pocket streak,
I was a-buffin' and a-buffin'.

As I lay there on the ground,
Not mighty quiet, but I was roused
By a most tremendous growl.

By a most tremendous growl,
For the great Pacific line
Run round the world, and the cars—
I tell you, the sight was fine!
On lookin' down at the track,
An Injun, with a stout horse
Fastened around his waist, I saw,
Was watchin' the line too.

I just laid low for mule,
For I knew there'd be a tussle,
With the Injun's shirt, and the Injun's whoop,
Like a thunder-storm in June.
On, on like the wind it came,
First stood that fatal red end;
And when he got within easy range,
His lance caught his head!

"Sold!" said I, "cried I, the Injun
And the cars went out of sight;
But never shall I till my dying day
Forget his look of fright.
I ain't much buy for an Injun,
But I ain't much buy for an Injun,
For he ain't much buy for an Injun,
For he ain't much buy for an Injun."

When I heard the spot, I found a di-
lapidated log house, two stories high,
with a rickety old porch in front. A
couple of gaunt ferocious hounds came
rushing at me, and warned the inmates
of my approach. I scrutinized the pre-
mises as closely as I could in the darkness,
and was anything but satisfied with the
result of my investigations. But when I
looked about me, and saw the heavy
gloom which hung upon everything, and
the prospect of being devoured by wolves,
I concluded to first inquire the distance
to the next stopping place, and if it was
too far, to remain where I was.

The door opened and a husky voice
said, "Who is there?"

"A stranger," I replied, and then
followed up by asking, "how far to the
next stopping place?"

I could hear a low murmur of voices,
and then a reply came, "ten miles or
more."

I dismounted and fastened my horse
to a post, and as I ascended the old
rickety stairs of the porch, they creaked
a dismal dirge, and the gaunt, lean
hounds nipped savagely at my heels.

The room which I entered presented a
repulsive appearance, and I started back
with mingled surprise and disgust. The
eyes of several rough, uncouth looking
individuals were turned upon me, and I
felt in their glances something more of
the ferociousness of the wild beasts,
than the gentleness of human beings.

"Take a seat, stranger?" said a burly
thick set man, as he handed me a chair,
which groaned piteously with its infirmi-
ties. As I cast a glance upon a group
before me, I seemed to hesitate, which
was instantly noticed, and the officiating
man, who seemed to be the landlord,
came toward me, and in a conciliatory
tone and style as gentle as could be ex-
pected, said:

"Sorry we can't accommodate you
better, stranger; but make yourself at
home, we'll do the best by you we kin."

A significant glance passed among the
men, as the host concluded his hospi-
table invitation, which did not escape my
notice.

At length, supper was served, consist-
ing of corn bread and bacon; and for
this meagre fare, abundant apologies
were offered.

After listening a short time to their
disgusting conversation, I informed my
host I would like to retire.

"Will you leave your saddle-bags?"
said he, with a bland smile, as he ex-
tended his monstrous hand to take them.

"No, sir," I replied, while a heavy
frown gathered on my brow.

"I have a very safe place to keep
them," he rejoined, while his bloodshot
eyes stabbed me to the heart.

"No doubt," said I, with a meaning
nod, "but I would prefer taking them
with me."

This conclusion was received rather
coolly, as I prepared to leave the room,
one of the men espied the handle of my
revolver protruding from beneath my coat.

"Hello, stranger?" he exclaimed in a
quick tone, "let's see that 'ere pistol, will
you?"

So sudden had been the demand
and in such seeming innocent curiosity,
that I put my hand back to give it to
him. But a second thought decided me,
and I replied that it was no great cu-
riosity, and I would show it to him in
the morning.

By this time the men had gathered
around me, and seeing things look rather
peculiar, I backed myself through the
door, followed by the host. When the
door was closed I could hear mur-
murs, and an oath or two uttered in
vehement tones.

The landlord hurried me up a feeble
pair of stairs, and a few yards from the
landing, pushing open the door, and
bade me enter. I glanced around the
apartment, and showed, by my action,
that I was dissatisfied with its appear-
ance.

"It is the best we can do for you," he
said; "and you needn't be afraid of

The Robber's Roost.

It was a sultry afternoon, that I cross-
ed the Mississippi river, and negligently
traveled on my way towards Green-
ville. The cool shade which covered the
road, and the majestic woodland scenery,
whiled away the time so pleasantly, that
before I was aware of it, the sun was
down, and darkness gently dropping its
black veil.

I looked about me, and became alarm-
ed at the density of the forest. The
sighing of the wind, the rustling of the
bush, the hooting of an owl, startled me.
In the thick shades of almost every tree,
I imagined a wild beast ready to spring
upon me, and behind the tree's mon-
strous trunks, I expected some hideous
animal to dash furiously at me. I carried
my revolver ready for any emergency,
and loosened my heavy knife in its
scabbard. But little did I imagine that
having passed the dangers of the woods
those of a more fearful and awful char-
acter awaited me.

The darkness had become intense and
it was with the greatest difficulty I could
pursue my course. At length, however,
a light hope in view, and never in my
life did I hail its gentle lustre with
greater joy.

When I neared the spot, I found a di-
lapidated log house, two stories high,
with a rickety old porch in front. A
couple of gaunt ferocious hounds came
rushing at me, and warned the inmates
of my approach. I scrutinized the pre-
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bade me enter. I glanced around the
apartment, and showed, by my action,
that I was dissatisfied with its appear-
ance.

"It is the best we can do for you," he
said; "and you needn't be afraid of

them fellers down stairs, they won't hurt
anybody."

"I shall not be alarmed," I replied,
as he closed the door, and descended the
steps. I was somewhat annoyed at the
appearance of things, and determined to
place myself in the best possible position
of defense. I examined my quarters
closely, and found the door had no fasten-
ing whatever, nor was there anything
convenient with which it could be secur-
ed.

Determined not to be baffled I tore a
strip of board from the wall, and with
my knife, cut a piece sufficiently long to
make a brace from the lower cleats of
the door to the floor. Then with my
pocket knife, I bored holes in the casing
at the upper end, and drawing several
nails from the wall, I drove them in with
the handle of my knife. Having exam-
ined the walls, and apprehending no
treachery from them, I secured the win-
dow, and then turned my attention to
the floor. Beneath the bed I discovered
a trap door, and the discovery made my
hair stand on end. I found it opened
downward, and the probability of secur-
ing it strongly seemed hopeless.

Once I thought of removing the bed,
and then watching as a trapper does a
hole in the ice for game. But that would
not do, for should I successfully repulse
the first intruder—for I had no longer
any doubt of being in a Robber's Roost
—it would leave a hole open which would
expose me to their fire. At length a
plan came to my relief. I moved the
bed from over the door, and taking the
clothes off, I threw the chaff bed upon
the floor, and directly over the suspended
trap. "But, oh, horror!" What a dis-
covery I made. The bed was saturated
with blood, and in many places, hard
from the gore which had dried in it.

Having thus fortified myself, I took a
seat on one end of the bed with my sad-
dle bags close to me, my knife in one
hand, and my revolver in the other, and
my ammunition convenient, in case I
should need it. I blew out my light,
and in the darkness awaited the denou-
ement of the plot. How long I waited I
could not tell; but in spite of my per-
ilous situation, my eyes grew heavy, and
I was almost overcome with sleep. But
an easy moving of the bed aroused all
my perceptive faculties, and in an instant
I was wide awake. It moved several
times quite easy, and then all became
quiet. I listened a few moments, but
could hear nothing. Presently there
came faint whispers from an adjoining
room; my eyes followed the direction
and I saw a small stream of light pour-
ing through an opening in the partition.
I stole softly to the spot, and listened a
moment. I then put my eye to the
opening, and had a fair view of the op-
erations inside.

So horrible was the sight I then be-
held, that its recollection will never be
erased from memory. Hanging from the
bed, and with his head nearly severed
from his body, was an old gray head-
ed man, while the purple current of life
was steadily streaming from the gash.
I reeled a moment with dizziness, and
was about to withdraw from the scene,
when the door softly opened, and a per-
son entered. I looked again and three
of the men I had seen in the bar-room,
were standing near the dead man.

"Why, Hans," said one, "I thought
you had fixed him by this time."

"We'll have trouble with that custom-
er," replied Hans, shaking his head;
"he is up to something, he put his bed
over the trap."

"The d—!" they both exclaimed, and
looked at each other in surprise.

"We must manage him somehow,"
"Hahn't we better tend to that 'ere
gal, first?" suggested one.

"Yes, the old man is fixed, now for
the gal;" and picking up the light they
left the room.

"What gal?" thought I. "Is it pos-
sible some person as unfortunate as my-
self has been compelled to stop here?"

I listened eagerly, and presently a
crash came, followed by a shrill scream.
I sprang toward my door, but recollected
that I had it well secured. I hesitated
a moment, when another scream more
terrible than the first, followed by a
sharp report of a pistol. It was but
the work of a moment to unfasten the
door and dash out. As I sprang into
the passage, I met two men who fired
simultaneously, but without effect. I
leveled my revolver and sent the con-
tents of one barrel through the head of
one, who tumbled heavily down stairs,
dragging his companion with him.

I rushed into the room and found the
girl sheltered behind the bed, and keep-
ing Hans at bay with a revolver. As I
entered, Hans sprang at me with a fend-
ish expression, and in spite of my efforts
seized me in his Herculean clutches.—
My pistol was now of no use, so hurling
it from me, I drew my knife, and soon
put an end to the struggle. I gathered
up my pistol and hurried the girl into
my room, and soon had the door secure-
ly barricaded. I then explained to her
our situation, and how I came to discover
she was to be a victim. But when I
told her of the old man, she faintly
gasped, "It is my father!" and the next
moment lay senseless on the floor. Now
I was in a trying position. I expected

every moment the attack of the robbers
would be renewed, and in all probability
they would overpower us, and then our
dooms would be sealed. I involuntarily
cast my eyes towards the window, as if
it would afford some point of escape.
But the robbers would have a fair chance
and could surround and murder us with-
out a show of defense—I had all this
time counted on my fair companion as an
assistant, not reflecting that she was a
woman, and I essayed to protect her.
When this thought crossed my mind, all
my combative powers were aroused, and
I felt strong and competent to contend
with a host.

I heard whisperings and footsteps
gently stealing up the stairs.—A dim
light shone beneath the door, and reveal-
ed several large holes and cracks. I
kept my eyes intently fixed in that di-
rection, while my heart palpitated so
loud, that its vibration could be distinct-
ly heard.

A slight shuffling of feet, and crash,
crash, went several reports, while bullets
whizzed sharply about my head. The
girl gave a shrill scream; I groaned and
crept closer to the door, which was rid-
dled with bullets, and through the holes
I could plainly discern their actions.

I still had five shots in my revolver,
and determined to use them to the best
advantage.

"He's done for now," said one, as he
stood eyeing the door.

"But the gal," replied a little, short,
thick-set man, "she fights like a man."

"Ha! you coward, who would fear a
woman?" returned the first speaker with
a sneer.

"Jim Bates, I'll make you smell pow-
der for that afore morning," said the
little man savagely.

"We must have this 'ere door open,"
and suiting the action to the word, as-
sault was made upon it.

I leveled my pistol and fired, when,
with an oath, the man fell back upon
the floor. I gave them two more shots
when they retreated precipitately down
stairs. I re-loaded my revolver, and then
returned to my companion who was try-
ing to staunch the blood which was
flowing from a wound in her neck.

"I fear, sir, my life is short, and I
sincerely thank you for your kind pro-
tection," she feebly murmured, and sank
exhausted on the bed.

I was about to offer some assistance
when I again heard steps on the stairs,
and earnest talking, as if persons remon-
strating. Thinking the attack on the
door would be renewed, I drew the bed-
stead against it, and threw the light
bedding over the head board, and thus
formed a kind of breastwork.

"Say, Mister, don't shoot, I want to
speak a few words with you," said a
voice at the head of the stairs.

"I'll shoot the first man who comes
near that door," I replied savagely.

"Oh, no, don't I'm your friend!" he
replied, in a tone which carried treach-
ery with it. "Come to the door, will
you?"

"Yes; but don't you come."
"I won't; are you there?"
"Yes."
"Close?"
"Yes."

I felt a slight moving of the bed over
the trap, during which time men outside
kept up an incessant jabber.

One end of the bed was raising softly
and taking hold of it with my left hand,
gently raised it up, until I could discov-
er a head above the opening.

"Are you at the door?"
"Yes"—and simultaneously with my
answer went a leaden messenger through
the head in the trap, and bang went a
bullet through the door.

The sound of a heavy fall announced
that my shot had taken effect.

I searched for the revolver the girl
had used, and fortunately found it, and
was happy to discover that one lead-
er had been shot out of it, which I replac-
ed; and being thus reinforced, felt more
confident of victory.

But to overcome this gang seemed al-
most hopeless, as their numbers might
be very large, and so far from assistance.
But night not some providential circum-
stance transpire to deliver me from the
hands of these desperadoes? I was de-
termined to do my best, and leave the
result in the hands of Him who directs
the affairs of men.

A noise at the window drew my at-
tention and I caught the glimpse of a
man's head slowly rising above the sill.
Taking a deliberate aim, I gave him the
contents of one barrel, and he descended
much quicker than he came up.

What would be the next feature of
the programme I could not imagine;
but like a wild beast at bay I watched
every move, and had my ears open to
every sound; but felt that something
decisive must be done, for day would
soon make its appearance and they would
have the advantage of me.